

Starcraft: Forward Unto Dawn

by The Mighty Santa

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Summary: 3 years after the events of Halo 3, a portal engulfs UNSC Forward Unto Dawn, transporting it 172,000 light years away and 52 years back in time, in Mar Sara's airspace. Master Chief escapes. What difference shall he make in this world?

1. Chapter 1: Contact

****0942 Standard Colonial Time****

Master Chief Petty Officer John-117, otherwise known as "Master Chief" awoke to find himself staring down the barrel of a gun. His eyes rapidly scanned his surroundings. A dozen soldiers in armor he had never encountered before surrounded him, hefting massive guns.

One of the soldier leaned in, his visor open. "Well, well. Sleeping beauty awakes. Mind tellin' us who you are?"

He was chomping on a large, brown cigar. He took it out of his mouth and held it to Master Chief's face. "I'm sure we'll find out who you areâ€¦ eventually."

With no warning, Master Chief leaped into the air at such a velocity that the eardrums of the soldier who was leaning in burst. A split second later he pushed himself down from the ceiling and smashed the heel of his foot into the head of another soldier, smashing his visor and blinding him. He then sprang out of the way as dozens of bullets shot past him, hitting two more soldiers who both fell to the floor, dazed and with a few broken ribs. He grabbed another armored soldier and swung him around, catching another few dozen bullets. He threw the soldier on to another, and both fell with a grunt.

The remaining six soldiers surprisingly did not retreat, but rather held their ground and readied to fire. Master Chief shook his head. Who the hell were these guys?

He dived around a wall and even more bullets sped past him at Mach 10. There, he found his equipment, including his MA5C. He doubted it would be of much help, since their armor was extremely thick and blocked even their own bullets, but it would be useful as suppressive fire. They, after all, did not know how ineffective the gun would be.

He stuck his head around the corner and whipped it back as more bullets flew by. He saw that they were slowly advancing, more cautious after the death of their comrade.

Abruptly, a deep, gruff voice rang out. "This is Lieutenant Alex Kruchez of the Terran Dominion Marine Corps. Come out with your hands up and behind your head."

Master Chief did not reply; rather, he took out a flashbang grenade. He pulled the pin and counted to exactly 2.8 seconds and threw it. The grenade exploded a split second later in a flash of light and sound, blinding and deafening the remaining soldiers.

He jumped out during the chaos, having changed his visor to maximum polarity and blocking out the sound. The enemy were not so lucky. Many were covering their eyes, and some were on the floor. John spotted the one he suspected was the commanding officer; his rank was clearly visible on his shoulder pads. He leaped at him and punched him in the face. His hand crashed the visor and crunched into the man's face, literally causing his head to explode. Bits of flesh, blood, and brain matter came out, showering John in a torrent of gore.

Not the slightest bit unnerved, Master Chief calmly ran up to a soldier and swept his legs from under him, letting him fall before smashing his elbow into his head. He then ran over to the remaining four, who were starting to get over the effects of the extremely potent flashbang. He smashed two of their heads together and faced the last two.

He kicked one of them, pushing him back into his friend. Both fell to the floor in a tumble.

Exactly 37.3 seconds had passed since he had woken up.

The Chief looked around. _Where the hell am I?_ He was still in the Forward Unto Dawn, yes. But who were these people? And where was Cortana?

Suddenly worried, Master Chief quickly locked the surviving soldiers into a detention cell before moving around the ship, trying to contact Cortana. No response. After ten minutes of wandering around, John came back to the detention cell. He opened the door, not expecting any resistance. He was wrong. The soldier whose eardrums had been burst swung his fist at him while another swung his leg in hopes of tripping him.

Jesus, who the hell are these guys? John-117 easily blocked the clumsy blow, and stomped on the leg attempting to leg sweep him, crushing the man's lower calf. Both men moaned in agony, grabbing their respective broken body parts.

He spoke. "Now, would you gentlemen mind telling me who you

are?"

Seven enemy soldiers had survived, and of them only five were able to speak. He quickly made up his mind, and grabbed the one whose leg he had crushed.

He held up his MA5C to the man's head and said, "'I'm going to count to three, and if nobody answers me, I will blow Mr. Armored Man's brains out. 1. 2."

He pulled the trigger on two. Gore showered the six others. He expected screaming. He expected cursing. But he did not expect this.

One of them spoke. "Bah, this the best you can do, boy? I faced ten times worse during boot camp in Alpha Squadron. Boy, I survived Mar Sara, New Gettysburg, and Char. You ain't breakin' me."

The other soldiers murmured their agreement.

He looked up and saw there would be no breaking them in time. They would surely have been sent from some kind of base or spacecraft and they would be getting suspicious.

>He nodded. "Alright, then. Have it your way."<p>

He walked out of the detention cell, not bothering to close the door behind him. He walked over to the CIC, where he made his way to the control console. To his surprise, the console already read: Self destruct command confirmation required: Y/N

What the hell?

He pressed "Y".

"Warning: self destruct sequence initiated. Self destruct in 10 minutes."

He casually walked out into the hanger, where he spotted the craft that had brought them in. It was extremely large. He looked around the hanger bay, and realized that most of the aircraft in the hanger was in various states of disrepair; it would be impossible to fly them for long periods of time.

Suddenly, he realized that he had never seen a pilot. He darted into the ship, only to find himself staring down a barrel of a gun for the second time in an hour. A shaking hand held up a pistol. The man behind the gun was unarmored. He was rather short, about 5'5''. He had no muscle to make up for his lack of size, but he wasn't fat either. He had stark, bright green eyes, contrasted by jet black hair. He wore a uniform.

John-117 casually snatched the pistol out of his hand so fast nothing but a blur could be seen. The man jumped back with a loud yell, clutching his broken fingers.

The Chief gestured for him to go inside the cockpit. Shaking, he went inside. There was no copilot. The cockpit was well organized, with far fewer buttons than he had imagined. It was rather simple looking, actually. Master Chief sat down in the copilot's chair. He pointed and said, "Get in."

Still shaking, the pilot got in the seat and lifted the craft up.

"I suggest you drive faster. This place is set to blow inâ€| oh six minutes."

"What?!" yelled the pilot.

"Just drive."

* * *

><p>AN: So, this is my rewrite. So, where should they go? I'm actually thinking they're not gonna join Raynor but hang by themselves for a few weeks. Thoughts? Please review. Later.**

2. Chapter 2: Allies

A few minutes passed before the pilot asked, "Where the hell are we going?"

Master Chief ignored the question and asked back, "So. What's your name?"

The pilot appeared to try to say something before giving up. He said, "The name's Ryan Chase. How 'bout you?"

John again ignored the question. "How old are you?"

"24."

"Pretty young to be drivi-"

"Piloting. Piloting. Not driving," interrupted Chase, "By the way, my finger still hurts."

Annoyed by the interruption, Master Chief said, "Suck it up. I thought you said you healed it up with that medpack back there."

"I did. Still hurts, though," retorted Ryan.

John sighed. "Whatever. How much fuel we got?"

"Enough to get to Tarsonis, and then some."

"Is that far?"

"Pretty far. Luckily for us, the tanks were topped off before this op."

Master Chief sat in silence for a few moments before saying, "So, where you from? Why you piloting around soldiers?"

Chase sighed. "Wellâ€| I was born on Mar Sara, 2480. Mining family. Dad died in mine explosion. Mom died soon after. Joined the military. Disqualified from combat 'cause of lung diseases, sent to Alpha Squadron to fly dropships. Airlifted troops during the Brood War, killed a few zerg myself with my flak pistol. Been hangin' with the 12th Infantry from the _Dauntless _since. You? Actually, yeah, who

the fuck are you?"

Master Chief sighed. "That's not important. Just get us toâ€¦ I dunno. Where would you suggest?"

"Deadman's Port," suggested Chase immediately, "No Dominion presence, lots of things to do. What do you want to do?"

The Chief said, "First, plot a course to Deadman's Port. Then, tell me, Chase. Tell me about thisâ€¦ Terran Dominion."

Ryan's face soured immediately. "The Dominion... it's complicated. The biggest hope of humanity... but it's corrupt as hell and as oppressive, if not more than the Confederacy it overthrew. Headed by Arcturus Mengsk. Population of 23 billion. I mean, there's not much to tell."

"Its soldiers don't seem to be exactly the brightest or the best, if you know what I mean." responded John.

Chase rolled his eyes. "Oh, those clowns? They're one of the penal squads from Alpha Squadron... all of 'em are completely resoced. Probably wouldn't know how to eat a pizza without instructions. And their suits? They're still CMC-200s, if you can believe it. Completely obsolete. On top of that, their suits are made from scavenged parts from other CMCs. I probably could've taken a few of them. Well, maybe not. But still."

Chief raised his eyebrows. "Resoced? What?"

"Neural resocializationâ€¦ seriously, where the fuck have you been for the past, oh, 200 years?"

"It's complicated." John rolled his eyes, even though he knew Ryan couldn't see it since he had his visor up.

"Anyways, so it basically mind-fucks you head and makes you loyal to the Dominion. Makes you dumb as hell too."

"Aah. I see."

"Yeah, you dumb shit."

"Is there a reason you keep insulting me?" asked Master Chief.

Ryan rolled his eyes. "Well, what else do I call ya?"

The Chief thought about it. "I don't know. Call me Bennie for all I care."

Chase stared for a long, hard moment before bursting out in laughter. "Well, Mr. Secret Agent Man here, eh?"

Master Chief shrugged. "I just want to keep myself anonymous for now. But you may call me John."

"Okay, John. We reach Deadman's Port in four hours. I suggest you get some shut-eye and prepare for a shitty ass day tomorrow."

* * *

><p>2509 Standard Colonial Time

"Ya know, I still don't get why we still use the Tarsonis rotation of 27 hours for our time. I feel like switching to Korhal's 25 hour interval wouldn't hurt. Whatever."

Yes, Ryan Chase was that bored. He had been rambling for hours, jumping from various topics to another.

"Just watch the boards. We're almost there." replied an equally bored Master Chief.

"You know, what are you even gonna do there, exactly?" asked a curious Chase.

The Chief thought for a moment before saying, "I'm not too sure yet, but I have a plan forming in my head. Besides, it's not "you". It's "us"."

A look of shock danced across Chase's face before he responded, "Whoah, whoah, I ain't gonna be part of some harebrained scheme to do some shit in Deadman's Port. There ain't no "us" about this."

Amused, Master Chief smiled. "Well, what are you gonna do if you aren't coming with me? If you go back to the Dauntless you'll be court-martialed and probably shot for desertion. And no offence, but you aren't gonna last a second out in the real world."

Sullen, Chase turned around and went back to sleep. John didn't mind.

Looking at the boards, he saw they were about 10 minutes out. He woke up Ryan. Ryan groggily got up (even though he had only slept for about thirty seconds) and faced the radio as the adjutant spoke up.

"Incoming transmission from security authorities."

A moment later, a gruff, stiff voice came out of the radio.

"Dead Man's Port Security Forces. Name and intention of visit."

Master Chief was about to speak when Ryan pushed him over and talked into the speaker.

"Dropship HX-NJA requesting permission to land. 3,000 geronimos aboard, over."

"Copy that, flight HX-NJA. Sending flight vector to Landing Bay 3C. Have the geronimos ready upon landing, over."

Ryan sighed. "Bloody corrupt ass mofos. I just handed him over 3,000 creds, you know that?"

Master Chief immediately caught the gist. "You bribed him."

Chase sighed again. "I suppose they would call it a "complementary

fee", but essentially, yes. I did bribe him. Now, lets get the creds."

Chase opened a small hatch that John recognized as a "booty box", used for smuggling. Inside were neat piles of credits, organized into 1s, 5s, 20s, 50s, and 100s.

"Got these from little side jobs we did. 'Bout 5k in here." grunted Ryan.

Master Chief smiled. "Don't worry. We're gonna get all that back, and then some. It's time for cleanup duty."

* * *

><p>QA:**

** Lucas Bane: Don't worry, Cortana's coming. I'm gonna make a bunch of other side plots and have 'em come together in the end. **

** Rydan Fall: Cortana's gonna come, and this is at the beginning of Wings of Liberty.**

** edboy4926: Cort's gonna come eventually!**

** eldarhunter: Yes, but if continue to read, you'll see why they were so weak. And the visor is pretty weak- it's a favored tactic of marines to shoot at the visor cause a few clips'll puncture through. Not hard to imagine Master Chief's first smashing through that visor.**

** WOLF: I'll think about the Nova thingâ€¦ anyone else have any other ideas?**

** Random Guy: I've already answered your first question and I changed the story to why he was able to self-destruct the ship. Adds some mystique to the story too and it goes along with the plot lines I was thinking of.**

** Random Person: He never actually went through the armor. He either smashed their visor or knocked them over.**

** scottusal: Don't worry, I wont' do that to the UNSC in this one.**

** DaLintyMan: Your first question's been answered, and thanks for the Deadman's Port suggestion!**

A/N:

Thanks to all for reading this fanfic. Please favorite, review, and follow! Special thanks to 348joey for pointing out numerous spelling and grammatical mistakes in the first chapter. Thanks to DaLintyMan for giving me the suggestion of MC going to Deadman's Part! Thanks to scottusal, Random Person, Random Guy, WOLF, Eclipse54, sammyboy47, MEleeSmasher, edldarhunter, edboy4926, Fallen-Ryu, Rydan Fall, and Lucas Bane for reviewing! I've also added some parts to Chapter 1 to fix some of the errors. Many thanks again to the reviewers!

3. Chapter 3: Awakening

****2519 Standard Colonial Time****

****1719 Deadman's Port Time****

When Master Chief and Ryan got off the ship, a fat, short and bald customs "official" was waiting. He was a balding man with hints of red hair at the sides, and an ego that could prick the sky.

"So, you got those geromes for me, eh?" he said in an astonishingly arrogant voice.

Master Chief handed over the money. The man greedily counted the bills, licking his fingers as he went along. Even as he was counting, John handed over another 500 credits and said, "You never saw us."

Recognition flashed in his eyes before the man grinned.

Satisfied, the duo walked off.

It was already night, since Deadman's Rock had a 19-hour rotation. Loud music blared into the air from the various clubs and bars located in the labyrinth of Deadman's Port. The two carefully made their way around, making sure to not get lost. After about 10 minutes, Master Chief found a suitable club.

"Wait outside." The Chief said, raising his hand in the universal stop sign.

Ryan protested for a moment before noticing the dangerous glint in John's eyes.

John casually walked into the club. He instantly noticed at least three sets of suspicious eyes staring at him. He pretended not to notice and kept looking ahead. As he was walking, he switched his external speakers to a different voice set that had been stored in his suit: Jon Voight.

Surprisingly, he did not stand out. While his suit was definitely not standard here, it didn't stand out in the myriad of custom armors presented before him.

He scanned the room, and immediately found a target. An immaculately dressed man in a suit was sitting at an isolated table in the corner of the bar. He was surrounded by what appeared to be just normal gangbangers; poorly disciplined but with plenty of beef. One of them immediately stood out to John. He was a large, heavily muscled man with a vest. Straps crisscrossed his chest to form a large X. Most of his jaw was covered by a large breathing device. But what really caught John's attention was the eyes; his eyes had the look of a predator. Intelligent, cunning, and dangerous. He would do well to avoid him.

A stage at the far right of the room had three poles and an equal amount of skimpily clad girls who left little to the imagination.

The club itself held about 60 people. It wasn't abnormally large or small. No cameras were visible anywhere. Best of all, the floor, ceiling, and walls were wood. Perfect for his task at hand.

He walked over to the counter where he was greeted by a rather small man. He had brown hair and brown eyes; nothing too remarkable. A small star tattoo was visible on his arm.

"The strongest drink you got." said John while putting his arms on the counter.

The manager smiled. "Well, I got a few choices on that. Everclear, some Old Earth shit, 190-proof (95% alcohol). Bismark, homemade brew, 151-proof (75.5% alcohol)."

"I'll take the Everclear."

"It'll give ya a monster headache. Just fair warning." said the man before disappearing into the back. He returned less than 10 seconds later with a large glass full of a clear liquid.

"That'll be 110 creds. Cash only."

John quiet handed over the money before moving on. He then bought a cheap lighter for .2 credits and a pack of cigarettes for 3 credits.

He walked over to an isolated corner of the bar. He then flicked the lighter on and lit his cigarette. No one noticed. He took his bottle of Everclear and silently poured it out in the corner. Again, no one noticed, as most were watching the girls.

He opened his visor for a moment, stuck the cigarette in his mouth, and took a long, hard drag. It was his first smoke, and he couldn't say he didn't enjoy it. It was a completely unnecessary and risky move. He himself had no idea why he had done it, but it had seemed appropriate.

He then unceremoniously let it drop.

The results were instantaneous. The small puddle of almost alcohol burst into flames instantly. John walked away from the blaze in a cool manner before heading towards his primary target. It was now only a matter of time before someone noticed the fire.

His theory was correct. A moment later, a male voice from the back shouted, "Fire! Fire!"

The entire club seemed to freeze for a moment; even the dancers stopped their routine. Then, chaos ensued.

The people nearest to the fire quickly noticed the blaze and started to push their way out. The fire had started to branch out, spreading to the walls and floor. Men began to climb over each other in their rush to get out.

The target wasn't panicking. In fact, he was rather calm. He made a series of rapid hand motions to his thugs, who began forming a wall between him and the crowd. He was the first one out of the club into the welcoming arms of the Master Chief.

The target's eyes widened as an armored hand grabbed him by his suit and yanked him. John whipped out his M6G Personal Defense Weapon and aimed it at his head.

When the thugs came out, they were shocked to see their principal with a gun to his head.

They were in a rather large square. No cover in sight, just the burning building and other shops around it.

"Everyone put down your weapons or I blow his brains out." John said in a calm, methodical voice. He still had his voice settings on Jon Voight.

The eight bodyguards, unsure of what to do, kept staring at the situation. Then, the man with the breathing device spoke up.

"Do as he says." he said in a strange accent. His voice also had a computer twinge to it.

The thugs began to drop their weapons, until a rather large pile of guns and knives had gathered up.

The man studied him intensely. "I suppose the Colonel might forgive you, since you appear to be new here. Give me back the man and I will forget everything."

"I'd rather not. Now, I want all you to back up."

The street was empty, surprisingly. But Ryan was still there. John gestured to him to come over. Ryan did so.

"What the fuck are you doing?" asked Ryan in an unnecessarily loud voice.

John ignored him and tossed him a pistol. He nodded towards his target. "Hold him and get across the street. I'll deal with these bruisers."

Chase complied, although he didn't appear too sure. He dragged the target, who was surprisingly quiet.

Now, it was just him and them. Without warning, John whipped up his pistol and fired into one of the bandit's face. The shot rang loudly throughout the deserted square. The unlucky thug's face blew apart in a violent shower of gore and brain matter that splattered onto the man behind him. John switched his gun to another target, giving him the same treatment as the first one.

Now it was six against one. He was fairly confident about the odds. He was, however, worried that reinforcements might appear for the other side.

The six, realizing that they had no weapons, charged John. He managed to get one more shot off, taking another man out of commission before they got too close.

In a movement too fast to see, John flipped out his combat knife. He buried it hilt-deep into the throat of the first man who died.

gurgling. He took the knife out out as he ran away in the other direction. He then stopped and turned around and realized his mistake. The men had recovered their weapons and were preparing to fire. In a split second decision, John threw his knife. It spun wildly. It hit one of the thugs in the shoulder, bringing him down as well. There were now four left. But only three were visible. The man with the strange voice was gone.

John started charging back at the bandits. Not having expected that move, the men were caught completely by surprise and didn't fire for a moment. That was all Master Chief needed.

He dived into the three, knocking them over like bowling pins under a 1000 pound ball. Bones were snapped and chests were caved in. All three were out of commission. Exactly 47 seconds had passed.

John suddenly felt a presence behind him and ducked just in time to see an enormous fist fly through where his head had just been. However, this left his opponent dangerously out of position. John reached up and grabbed the huge arm, his hands barely fitting around it. He then squeezed, since he knew his hands could crush it. However, the arm didn't cave in at all. In fact, the man twisted it away!

The gangster's face twisted in pain for just a second before going back to his normal blank face. The two were now five feet apart in a temporary pause. Suddenly, so fast that even the suit couldn't track it, the man stepped forward and swung. John barely managed to get his hand up to block the blow. When the fist connected with his arm, the metal of the suit actually dented, and his arm was glanced away. The fist continued on and landed directly on Master Chief's chest. The MJOLNIR armor actually cracked, and the Chief went flying backwards at a rather dangerous velocity. He landed a few feet away, with the impossibly strong thug walking at him.

John quickly scanned the man and found why he was so impossibly strong. The "man" was actually mostly machine; his arms, legs, and most of his chest were metal. He also had his natural muscles on top of that, making him incredibly strong. However, John now knew what he had to do.

He got up swiftly and back off a bit. The punch had actually broken one of his ribs, and he felt the stabbing pain in his stomach. His suit was scratched everywhere and a large crack spread across his chest and his arm.

The two circled each other, sizing each other up. Master Chief finally made a move. He leaped forward and jabbed his finger on his opponent's solar plexus. The man tried to block the move, but his block was counter-blocked by John's other hand. When the jab hit, he doubled over in pain. The Chief then delivered a quick punch to the man's right knee joint, where he was likely to be the weakest. He was right. As soon as he was hit in the knee, the man collapsed into the ground, his weakened right leg not able to support his massive heavy body. John then stomped on the man's other knee, fracturing the kneecap. The man howled in pain, right until a 12.7mmx40mm armor piercing HE round entered his brain, ending his short life in the universe.

John panted. He had never faced such a tough opponent before, except

for a few of the higher Covenant aliens. He shivered a bit at how close he had come to dying. If the man had worn powered armor instead of just that vestâ€¦

Master Chief's musings were suddenly interrupted by the arrival of a small army. Soldiers in power armor and a few hoverbikes flooded the square and began to surround him. His suit counted over 300 soldiers in power armor and at least 20 hoverbikes. He also saw 3 large tanks that dwarf Scorpion tanks set up around him as well.

A man in grey power armor walked over to the Chief. While he was in a position of power, he appeared nervous.

"I don't suppose you're here to give me an award." said John.

The man gave a nervous smile. "No, we're not. Please come with us. The Colonel wants to see you. If you don't cooperate, wellâ€¦ it would not be very beneficial to your health."

John looked around his surroundings. The square was packed with soldiers. "And what i-

He never got a chance to finish. Gunfire rang out, not the staccato bang-bang-bang Master Chief is used to, but more of a ripping noise. Multiple sonic booms were heard as bullets accelerated well past the sound barrier. John took the opportunity to dive out of the way. He landed in a group of soldiers, who were busy trying to shoot back at their new enemy.

Rocket streaks appeared and explosions blasted the bunched up soldiers, killing dozens with each blast. More rocket streaks appearedâ€¦ from seemingly nowhere. Then, he sees a saw glimmer and realized that a cloaked gunship was shooting. He stood in shock for a few moments that the power output can be generated to cloak aircraft, until he came back to his senses and realized that now was not the best time to be marveling at the enemy's technological feats.

Soldiers from the new faction began to appear. They were mostly in the buildings surrounding the square, but a few were in the streets leading in.

As the battle raged on in front and behind of him, John realized that no shots were landing close to him, almost as if they were trying not to hit him.

Huh. That's weird, thought John. _Why would they want me?_

Suddenly, a white glow overtook his body. He felt a sense of calm and serenity, and felt completely detached from the chaotic battle occurring around him. Suddenly, there was a white flash, then darkness.

* * *

><p>0458 Deadman's Port Time

The Chief opened his eyes into more blackness. He blinked a few times, and his vision slowly returned to him. He saw that he was

inside a small grey room. He was out of his armor, and tied down to a bed. His vision still hazy, he turned and saw the door open.

A man stepped inside. The first thing Master Chief noticed was his eyes. They were completely milky white, as if someone had just erased the pupils. He also had very thick dreadlocks and a tied beard and mustache. He had an intense look about him, and was carrying a deadly looking butterfly knife. He was wearing a black and red suit with a strange logo on his shoulders. Most disturbing of all, a voodoo doll was tied around his neck like a necklace.

The man stared intensely at the Chief before speaking slowly in a heavily Jamaican accented voice. "Mr. John One One Seven. Member of the Spartan Program of the United Nations Space Command. Raised as a Spartan from six years, I believe. First used to fight against insurrectionists, and then the Flood, and the Covenant. Quite a colorful history, Master Chief Petty Officer John."

John struggled weakly at his bonds. "Who the hell are you?"

The man ignored him. "So, Mr. John. Do you have any idea what you did today out in Han Square? No? Well allow me to fill you in. You caused quite an explosion. It leveled the entire square and most of the surrounding commercial district. Do you know what that means? It means, Mr. John, that you are one of the most powerful psionic beings in the sector. Do you know why Mira and Orlan were so desperate to get you? Your psionic beacon was shining on their sensors like a pillar of fire in the middle of the night."

The man leaned in. "You are unique, Mr. John. Your psionic signature is not quite like any other out there almost as if your psionic ability was... implanted in you, or awakened. And since you have traveled just traveled another world well, let's just say you are unique."

He twirled his butterfly knife, getting dangerously close to John's face. "My name is Gabriel Tosh. And I have a proposition for you."

"Who the hell are you?" asked Master Chief again, this time with more strength.

Tosh considered it for a moment before saying, "Some people call me a terrorist. I consider myself a teacher. But lesson number one: Heroes, there is no such thing. Keep that in mind, Mr. John."

* * *

><p>AN: I'm soooooo sorry about the late update really busy with schoolwork and shit but anyways, so yeah! Explosive chapter, lol. So Master Chief's a psionic. Not sure where to put him on the scale. Any suggestions? I'm also thinking about giving him psi blades that come out like Wolverine blades :P. Anyways, Bane from The Dark Knight Rises makes a cameo appearance. He looks like Bane, talks like Bane, even has the same attitude as Bane. But he is not Bane, just your everyday average robot cyborg that kills everything. So, see ya later! Please review!**

Also, can someone think of a chapter name for me? I think I'm going to try this out where readers choose the chapter name.

****Q/A: ****

**** tychusfindlay:** I know all about marines and they're as OP as fuck, but I needed to make MC survive, didn't I?******

**** WOLF:** Don't worry, Nova/MC will meet... Just not in the way you expect. ******

4. Chapter 4: Old Dog, New Tricks

****0613 Deadman's Port Time****

"But lesson number one: Heroes, there is no such thing. Keep that in mind, Mr. John."

The words continued to ring in John's head. What exactly did he mean? Sure, he had come over here to clean things up and to distribute some justice; surely he didn't mean not to do that?

But that wasn't important right now. The important thing was that he needed to get out. He wasn't quite sure why he knew- maybe the psionic shit the creepy man had mentioned?- he had a feeling that staying here would not be beneficial to his health and well-being.

He was still restrained; he looked around and saw that his hands and feet were encased in some sort of solid restraints. His hands had no wiggle room. No way to get out. Hmmâ€¦

Suddenly, he felt an intense heat at his hands. It actually hurt like hell for a moment before the pain went away. Now it felt more like a warm, fuzzy warmth. He looked over and doubled back in shock. Three glowing redâ€¦ claws, for lack of a better term, were coming out of both of his hands. Each "claw" was 12 inches long, and were red in the way Tosh's suit had been red. They were slightly curved.

After getting over the shock of seeing the claws, John realized he could use them to get out of his restraints. He struggled a bit, and as if by magic, his clamps were released.

Huh. More psionic goodies, eh? I could live with this, thought John.

He twisted his wrists in a futile effort to get some circulation back into his hands. He looked down at his claws, and noticed a that the air around the blade was actually ionized, giving a pale blue outline around the claws. The claws themselves were flat, and triangular shaped. They were about 12 inches long, and were spaced out evenly between his four knuckles.

Next, he realized that he could also make the blades disappear when he willed them. While it was difficult at first, he soon mastered turning the blades on and off. Now, he could concentrate on his escape.

Suddenly, he somehow knew where his suit was. Perhaps another effect of his psionic powers? No matter how he knew, he knew.

John studied the metal door barring his way to freedom. In one swift motion, he stuck his right blades inside the door; the blade sunk into the metal door like a knife throughâ€¦ well, air, really. He then raised his hands, created three huge gashes in the door. He turned his arm left, and then down. He eventually had carved out a rough rectangle out of the door. The cut out piece fell outside with a loud cringe worthy clang. But no one seemed to notice.

He cautiously stepped outside, and noticed no guards. Strange. His cell had been at the far end of a hallway, so there really wasn't much choice on which direction to go. Besides, his suit was that way. He ran along the corridor until he met a T-intersection. His psionic senses told him to turn left. A few feet afterwards, he found a door marked "Storage Room 119". Someone he knew his suit was in there.

He cut out the door and stepped in. His eyes slowly adjusted to the dim lights of the room. The room was stark, with a spartan feel to it. He looked to his left and saw mostly storage lockers with a few desks. Directly in front was some sort of weapons section. He would visit that after. On the right was his suit.

It was in the middle of glass tube, with various wires attached to it. On close inspection, he realized there were quite a few changes.

The hands had three small bumps that corresponded to where the blades came out from his hands.

Holy, holy, thought John. Did heâ€¦ modify my suit? And did he modify it to fit these blades? But how did he know? Why? What's going on?

Despite his confusion, he knew he needed to get out quick. It was a miracle he hadn't been caught yet; he wasn't sure where all the security he had expected was.

As a highly trained Spartan, Master Chief could put on his suit in less than two minutes. He stepped forward onto the platform, and to his surprise, the suit actually began to fit onto him!

Holy shitâ€¦ how fast did they install all this on my suit? They work insanely fast, he thought.

The suit simply came onto him; he didn't have to press any buttons, or anything like that. He just thought about it, andâ€¦

Oh. Psionics.

When he had finished putting on his suit, he realized a few differences. It was a few pounds heavier; the extra weight was someone in his backside. The suit also felt much more fluid. If before the suit had been an extension of his body, it now felt like a part of his body. His suit responded to his thoughts like it really was his body.

He stepped off the platform. He walked over to the weapons storage rather conveniently located a few feet away. A dozen or so weapons racks held dozens of weapons. On the way in, he picked up large backpack to hold the weapons. The first rack had a sign designating the guns on the rack as C-14s. They were the massive guns the

soldiers on the _Forward Unto Dawn_ had been holding. It would be impractical to take it, since it was so big it would hinder his movements and make it harder to aim.

The second rack read C-20A. The C-20As were noticeably smaller than the C-14s, and had the more traditional shape of a sniper rifle rather than the boxy shape of the C-14s. He took one out of the rack and immediately realized it would be terrible for short-range combat. When he examined the weapon, though, he discovered that a rather large chunk of the barrel could be removed, instantly creating an assault rifle. Very ingenious. He took three of those.

The third rack held rifles designated as AGR-28s. They were much shorter than the C-20As, and had a wider profile. It seemed to be some kind of assault rifle/submachine gun hybrid. Feeling they would be useful, John took six of those.

The fourth rack held combat shotguns named SR-8s. Knowing those would be useful, the Chief took three of those.

The fifth rack displayed P-500 pistols. Knowing a few sidearms would be useful, he grabbed about ten of those.

The last rack carried dozens of grenades. Of course, he already had five plasma grenades and flashbangs, but it wouldn't hurt to have a few more. He took 15 grenades and 10 flashbangs. His pack was now completely stuffed with various equipment.

_Where the hell are the guards? _

Whatever. He was lucky, he supposed. But he still couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong, that he was being set up. Everything was way too convenient for his liking.

As he approached the exit, a chill went up his spine as he felt a presence brush past his mind... he wasn't sure how he could feel that, but he _knew_ someone had been in his head. He looked around, even though he knew no one was in the room.

* * *

><p>Tosh smiled. All was going well. His plan had completely succeeded, from planting thoughts of escape into his mind and giving the location of the suit to John. It had worked perfectly.<p>

John-117 was different. His psionics were almost completely focused on combat abilities; his teek powers were extremely developed, and he would be able to do this even he could only dream of. In fact, he suspected that John's teek skills would be one level below the Queen of Blades - of course, the psionic index went up by orders of magnitude, so he would still be ten times weaker - but it was still an impressive fact.

However, his "teep" skills would be much less developed. He wouldn't be able to delve into people's minds like other psionics. He would be able to pick up surface chatter and feel their emotions, but he would never be able to brain-pan someone on his own.

He must not stop this man. Grandma Tosh had made that clear. To get

in his path would be to cross paths with Madame Therese.

_This man will change the face of the sector. You and the witchcraft you use will assist him; but it is he, in the end who will make a difference, for better or worse. _

And you_ never_ crossed paths with Madame Therese.

He had seen this man, his mind, his future. Soon he would be brimming with rage, and rage was a useful tool if crafted correctly. Focused, pointed, directed. Otherwise, it was a chaotic, but powerful element, completely unpredictable. Such anger had to be controlled. _

>

This man would bring down Mengsk, he was sure of that. How or when, he didn't care. As the man stepped outside into freedom to find a conveniently placed vulture hover cycle, Tosh hurried to leave. His time on this world was finished. It was time for the war.

* * *

><p>Master Chief Petty Officer John-117 was officially freaked. He had stepped outside to find a very conveniently placed hover vehicle with a map and the keys lying on the seat. It was as if some unknown higher power was guiding him through. But he wasn't about to look at a gift horse in the mouth. He took the bike.

Figuring out the controls were relatively easy. They were fairly simplistic, with a steering wheel, accelerator, brake. It was floating, so no need for gears. It could also go at incredible speeds, up to 230 miles per hour. The bike was amazingly maneuverable, being able to do tight turns he hadn't even thought possible.

The map marked his current position and the location of Deadman's Port, as well as its sister city, Paradise. He sped off in the direction of Deadman's Port.

It took him about fifteen minutes to reach the outskirts of Deadman's Port. As he approached the city, he felt a familiar feeling, similar to when he had looked for his armor. He knew exactly where Ryan was.

Inside Deadman's Port, he found it impossible to navigate with his vulture due to the large amounts of people in the streets. He dismounted and took a quick look around. He was quickly rewarded with Dr. Dre's Auto Shop. Most undoubtedly an illegal auto dealership.

He reached a deal fairly quickly with the dealer, a skinny man with greasy black hair and covered in tattoos. He received 3200 credits for the transaction. He was sure he had been ripped off, but he needed to get rid of the vehicle, so he had no choice.

As he walked closer and closer to Ryan, he began to realize he could feel the emotions of the people around him. Excitement, happiness, sadness, anger... and suddenly, a giant dose of _fear. _

The fear he felt completely shook him to the core. He stopped dead in his feet and looked around, trying to locate the source of the fear.

And he found it.

A woman, somewhere in her mid-20s burst out of a narrow alley to his left. Clad in a t-shirt a few sizes too large and baggy black pants, the woman was obviously very poor.

Two men were chasing her; they were obviously gaining on her. None of the people around her offered help. No one cared.

Inside John's head, something clicked that had never come up before. He had felt a pale shadow of this to Cortana; but Cortana was a machine, a computer. This was... new. This was... love?

Love at first sight... what rubbish.

Such things did not exist. But what was this?

_Leave her and go, _said Reason. _She's a liability._

_If you don't help you how are you going to live with yourself?
_retorted... Love?

It was an inner battle in his mind, and in the end Love won. It may not have been the smartest decision, but it was the right decision.

He swung an armored fist in a vicious right hook, taking the first man in the chin. The man was literally decapitated, his head flying off into the street. Using the momentum from his swing, he used a spinning kick on the second man, hitting him in the chest and creating a literal crater on his chest.

Satisfied that both men were down, he turned back to the woman.

Upon closer inspection, John realized how beautiful she really was even in her baggy clothes. Her tawny, shoulder length hair moved about in the early morning wind. She appeared to be about twenty-one or twenty-two, but looked old for her years. Her face was neither clean nor dirty. Her shirt hadn't been ironed in months. But what really got to him were her eyes. They were hazel, and they stared not at him, but rather _past_ him into... what? He didn't know. He had seen the look often enough, in the eyes of weary men.

Moreover, her eyes had the look of submission, as if her entire identity had been stripped away. It was the face of a girl who had been used, mistreated. He already understood what she had gone through.

Then he noticed the bruises. Thick, purple-blue circles marked her right eye, and arms. Her face was so skinny and meatless she might as well been a skeleton with skin. He imagined he would find the same situation in her body.

Without hesitation, he picked her up gently, as he might a carton of eggs or a particularly fragile vase. Ignoring the shocked looks on the people around him, he started his way back.

A few minutes later, he arrived where he somehow knew where Ryan was. It was a rather shady looking "inn", with at least a dozen gangbangers hanging out in the lobby. A few well-placed credits got

him Ryan's room number.

He knocked.

A few moments later, the door opened, and Ryan froze.

"Whoah, what the fuck? Where the hell have you been? And who's that tramp with you?"

John made a vague motion with his face that roughly translated into _fuck off_. Ryan wisely backed off.

He put the woman down on a sofa that was leaking stuffing like a water bottle with a hole. He then snapped at Ryan. "We need a doctor."

He tossed him a few hundred credits and a P-500 pistol. "Find someone trustworthy, who isn't gonna go rat us out. A woman. Someone who's still got her morals, who's willing to spend a few weeks taking care of a malnourished girl."

Ryan knew enough about John not to question anything. He simply nodded and headed out.

John turned to the woman. She was trembling a little and trying to hide it. To make it easier, John stepped out of his suit.

Surprise, shock, elation, relief. He felt a torrent of emotions coming out of her, and he was having a difficult time concentrating. He shook his head.

To his surprise, the girl spoke first with a nervous smile. "Thank you, Mr..."

"John."

"John. I- I don't know what to say. If you hadn't stepped in..." She shivered.

"Just doing what's right, I suppose. I saw two men chasing a defenseless girl, and well, instincts kicked in." In truth, it was much more complicated than that, but John had no desire to explore that path with this girl.

"What do I do now?" the girl asked, more to herself than to him.

"Just stay here for a while. Ryan's getting a doctor to check you up."

Her eyes widened. "No, no, do-"

"It's okay. He's gonna get someone trustworthy. No one's gonna hurt you."

She visibly relaxed a little, and beamed a smile seemingly designed to melt ice. "Okay."

John walked out of the room into the kitchen, pleased that he had reassured her. The dingy kitchen was surprisingly clean and neat, and

he found himself staring into a mirror and asking, "Okay, now what the fuck are you going to do?"

There was no immediate answer, but common decency told him to wash up. Two minutes later he came back.

"I, uh, forgot to ask you something-" he began.

"Teri. What's yours?"

"John," he replied.

"Who are you, Mr. John?"

"Just John," he corrected. Teri smiled and nodded.

The two waited in an awkward silence for Ryan to come back.

"So, where are you from?" asked Teri.

"Away, far away. You?" It was close enough to the truth.

"Tarsonis..."

At this point she clammed up and looked down.

Compassion flooded through John's mind as he observed the woman before him. She had obviously been forced into prostitution, and from a quick glance, it was obvious she was hooked on some kind of drug as well. He suddenly felt the urge to hug her, but restrained, since he didn't know how she would react.

John was saved from a very awkward moment by the entry of Ryan. Ryan came in with a rather short and slightly overweight blond-haired woman with pale blue eyes.

"Dorothy," she said, extending her hand. John took it, and noticed she had a strong grip but rather delicate, dainty hands. He could sense anticipation, excitement, and... fear?

"John. Please come in." he gestured.

Dorothy immediately noticed Teri on the couch and went over to her. She looked at John and Ryan and gave a smile. "If you two could excuse us for a moment..."

"Of course," said John immediately. He stepped back into his armor and gestured to Ryan. "Let's go."

"Where?" complained Ryan in his usual whiny voice.

John ignored him and headed out.

* * *

><p>QA:**

DaLintyMan: **He's going to be fairly high, but all his psionics are gonna be combat-orientated. No brain-fucking for him. And if he

finds the zerg... well, all hell breaks loose. Chuck Norris on steroids. **

**MEleeSmasher: Yes, Tosh, really. Parts of the UNSC will come later. **

Lucas Bane: Lol on Bane, I just added him for kicks. He will upgrade his armor, but slowly, not all at once like last time. Yes, rockets in shoulder pads FTW.

**Fallen-Ryu: Yeah, I was gonna do your suggestion of combat-focused abilities. I was also thinking about him being lucky from the psionics as well, :P. He is one lucky bastard. He's gonna kick ass later. **

**edboy4926: He's gonna be fairly high up, just not having a lot of brain powers. Mostly combat. I also just saw Iron Man 3 and thought it would be interesting to put the lines in, cause most people think Tosh as a terrorist but he considers himself a teacher and leader of the spectres. **

**Rydan fall: Gah, forgot about shields again. Silly me. And Tosh didn't give psionics to John. I know John's a super soldier, but you need to put some personality in him, y'know? In the games he's fine as a silent protagonist, but in writing he needs to have some character. Also, marine armor is much higher in strength and protection than the Spartan suit. His Spartan shields are weak as shit, a few bursts will take them down. Don't worry, Cortana isn't dead. I forgot about the weapons gathering, but whatever. **

**scottusal: Yeah, he isn't going to ROFLPWN everything. He's going to be like Batman, not too much stronger than anyone else but still kickass. **

**sammyboy47: Thanks for the review. He's gonna be amazing. **

**Guest: Dude, it's called physics. His armor, no matter how strong it is, still will take some kind of impact and the kinetic energy will transfer through his suit and break a few bones. It's his augmentations and his armor strength that protected him. And the guy wasn't just a guy, he was a freaking cyborg. Also just because his suit costs as much as a frigate doesn't mean it has the durability. **

**WOLF: Thanks for the chapter title, I'll be using it in this chapter. The Wolverine blades do kickass :P He isn't going to be able to train with Tosh but... oh well. He'll discover his abilities one at a time. **

**Thunder18: Thanks for reviewing, hope you enjoy my fic. **

**A/N: I know Teri's gonna Terrify (haha) a few of you, but don't worry, John's still gonna be with Nova in the end. I just need to create some motivation in him, if you know what I mean. Next chapter isn't going to have a lot of action, sorry about that. I need to build up Teri, Dorothy, Ryan, and John's personalities and characters a bit more. But once the action starts, it's going to be... amazing. **

****Hope you guys enjoyed it and I will see you guys next time!****

5. Chapter 5: Revelations

****0957 Deadman's Port Time****

John and Ryan walked outside into the crisp late morning air. John had left his suit in the room, although he had done his best to hide it in the closet. He knew he was marked, and he also knew he could trust Dorothy, thanks to his newly found abilities. The two walked a few feet before Ryan brought up a question.

"You know John... I still have no idea where the hell you're from."

John laughed. "I suppose so... it's a rather complicated issue."

Ryan snorted. "You mean you don't want to tell me."

"Heh. I suppose I can trust you now. But first, tell me your story. All of it."

Ryan nodded. "Well, I was born on Mar Sara, in a little hamlet called Carmel. My dad was a miner, like most of the guys there. Real tough guy, ya know? Always the hero, always the knight in shining armor..."

His voice cracked a bit before continuing. "He was the chief superintendent of the local vespene mine. I had an older brother, Tyler, 10 years older. He got a football scholarship from Chicago, actually. '87 I think. Some University of Chicago folks came over and offered him a full scholarship and a guaranteed position on the Kodiaks... except the "scout" was a wrangler from the motherfucking Ghost Academy. Took him away real sneaky-like. A year later, we get a letter saying he died in a car crash, of all things."

They stopped walking and found themselves in a rather nice park, with grass, trees, and even _children. _Huh. They sat down at the bench.

"My mom... the doctors say she died from bad eatin' and like. Fuck 'em. Died of a broken heart. She had hope in Tyler, y'know. That he'd be the first to go to college, make a real living for himself. He was always the favorite. When he died, she just... became a shell. Didn't eat, drink, or nothing. Just stayed in bed, watched some TV. I think she was on pills, maybe hab too. Anyways, after my mom died, my pap... well, he was always a workaholic, but now, work was his life. I used to stay home for hours, you know, waiting for him to come home, scared he never would. But he always did. He was dad, he _couldn't_ die. He was indestructable, Superman."

Ryan stopped, chocking up a bit. "Well, one day he found his Kryptonite. The mine had a collapse, vespene explosion. Vespene's real volatile, you know? 26 men were trapped. The local Dominion Engineering Corps completely ignored 'em. They had a fucking drill, but refused to use it. They said it was too dangerous, but everyone knew that was absolute bullshit, and they knew we knew, and didn't

give one whole damn. My dad, being the selfish, brave, stupid man he was, volunteered to go to the men, cause they had a hole, you just could put things in but not pull things out. And just like that, my dad literally disappeared inside a hole."

He looked up. "I was seven at the time, you know. Not even a fucking teenager yet. And when they finally pulled the men out three weeks later... my dad wasn't there. The hole they had made was collapsing and someone had to stay back, make sure the whole damn thing didn't fall apart on them. And like magic as soon as the last man got out, the hole collapsed. No, hell, the _entire mine_ collapsed."

"You know what they told me after that? They told me he was a hero, that he saved lives, that he was brave, all that shit. And you know what? That was when I figured it out. In life, there are no such thing as heroes. Hell, there aren't even villains. No, there's only the takers, and the taken. All this time, I was the taken. Taken by the Dominion, taken by the mine, taken by the whole entire damn world. And from then on, I vowed I would become a taker."

Ryan's eyes briefly glazed over before he shook his head. "You know, I tried to end it all. I was 16... had the gun in my mouth, finger on the trigger. You know what? I couldn't do it. I chickened out. You have any idea what that's like, wanting to die but not having the guts to do it? That wasn't the first time either. Whenever I went to school, every single day, I considered taking the shortcut to the lobby. But I never could do it. So I joined the Marines. 70% death rate, they'll do the job for me, right? Well, apparently I had some respiratory disease so I got disqualified, transferred over to the Navy. How the hell I ended up with a penal division - yes, an entire penal_ division -_ I have no idea. And you know what? I found an identity there. I made friends, I started getting back hope. Then, a teeny-tiny thing called the Brood War and the Queen of Blades came and complete crushed it. I watched as all my friends, my comrades died, ripped apart from limb to limb. And at the end, I was the only one left in the squad. More depression. More suicidal thoughts. Just when I thought I had come back, reality hit me like a hammer. I had let myself get taken again. And you know what? The Dominion, Mengsk, the wrangler, Kerrigan, none of them ever get taken. No, they're the takers, and when they take, they take _everything_."

"So, I ended up going to that strange ship that just appeared out of nowhere with my new squad, about to finally end it; I finally got the guts to do it. And now that I finally grew out of being a pussy, you came along. Funny, ain't it? Like we were meant to meet each other or some weird shit like that."

By now tears were openly streaming down his face. John felt like he finally knew this man named Ryan Chase. Before, he had sensed his feelings of anger, vengeance, doubt, but now he truly knew. He put his arm on his shoulder.

"You're gonna be okay, kid. You're gonna be okay."

They sat there for a few minutes, Ryan just sitting there and John holding him tightly.

"You've never shared this, have you? Kept it bottled inside you." said John.

Ryan shook his head. "Never, never before this. But now... something compelled me, something just pushed me to tell you. You ain't a taker, that's for sure."

"No, I'm not."

"So, you ready to tell me your story?" asked Ryan with a curious tone in his voice.

John said, "I suppose. Not much to tell, though. It's going to be confusing as hell at first, but bear with me. I was born on March 17, 2511 on Elysium City. At age six I was singled out for the SPARTAN-II program by Dr. Catherine Halsey. Then you know what? I got kidnapped too. Just like your brother. Of course, the UNSC is a bit more subtle... they replaced me and seventy-something other kids with flash clones who would later die of natural causes. Pretty creative. And completely inhumane. At first, I was scared, angry, you know. But as I stayed, I became friends with the other recruits. Of course, we were no normal children. By fourteen I could strip, clean, and reassemble an assault rifle blindfolded in under five minutes. I had a 4 minute mile and could run for over twenty miles with heavy packs. But you know what that came at a cost of? The reason I was so physically able was because every single child was augmented, basically made into supersoldiers. And during the process, thirty of them died, and twelve of them were completely disabled. I was part of the lucky thirty three. After the augmentation, they made me get into a boxing ring with five ODST shock troopers. I killed two of them. That's right, the so called righteous government made me kill human beings at the age of fourteen."

"So I suppose you could say I, too, had always been taken. And you know what? I got taken so much I got used to it, even enjoyed it. My first mission, I killed over six enemy soldiers and nine innocent civilians. And I didn't regret a thing. That isn't normal. That is a broken mind. And I may still be that way today. But something shook me completely, made me open up again. We were fighting some aliens - yes, aliens, - and one of my closest friends, Sam, gave up his life to save us all. And that really opened my eyes, to the fragility of life, even when you've been augmented beyond human and trained to the point of dullness. It gave me a healthy respect of life."

John turned to face Ryan. Ryan was looking attentively at John, eager to hear the rest.

"Well, long story cut short, I spent a few years fighting. Last thing I know is I went into cryogenic sleep, then I woke up staring up the barrel of a gun."

Ryan gave a laugh. "Huh. Well, I suppose I still have no idea where you're from. Earth, maybe?"

John nodded. "I am, but I don't think we're talking about the same Earth."

Ryan's eyes widened. "Earth? Really? Well, hell, Earth?!"

"No, no, no. I think you're mixed up a bit here. My Earth sure as hell didn't ever colonize this corner of the galaxy... I think I've been... I don't know. Multiverse hopping? What is this, some badly written science fiction?"

Ryan shrugged. "Whatever. I could care less where you're from. But you feel me, you feel me. Something tells me we're sorta meant for each other, no homo."

John laughed. "Sure."

It was the beginning of a relationship of happiness, sadness, anger, loss.

* * *

><p>1217 Deadman's Port Time

The two finally came back to find Teri and Dorothy engaged in a vigorous conversation. Both were laughing and having a good time. However, when John and Ryan entered the room, Dorothy instantly became stone. She gestured with her eyes, _we need to talk_.

A few minutes later they got their opportunity as Teri took a nap. Ryan and John walked into the kitchen, where they sat down in ugly but comfortable chairs.

"She's on hab." said Dorothy bluntly.

"What?" asked John in confusion. Ryan gave a knowing look.

"Hab, you know, gank, ice, banji. Highly addictive. Thankfully she's not on turk, or God knows what she'd be doing right now. But the hab habit needs to stop. I've talked to her, and she wants to stop. But we need to take it slowly. I've removed her arm-pad so she can't keep using it, but you need to give her daily doses. Here, I've written them down for you."

Dorothy reached into her bag and broughtly up a crinkled piece of paper with a yellow stain.

"Sorry, knocked over some coffee," she said with an embarrassed smile, "Give her these exact doses every day. If she goes into withdrawal, give her some coffee. It should help. Oh, and there's something she's not telling me. She says she'll only tell you. But I think I already know."

She leaned in. "I think she was a part of some sort of prostitution ring, and her "handlers" kept her in check by getting her addicted to hab. She's been seriously abused, John. She needs physical help, but she needs to be comforted. She needs someone, and you're that person. She needs you, John."

John looked up at Ryan and Dorothy. "I'll go talk to Teri."

* * *

><p>Unknown

Jamal Abadi felt ready. It was now time to strike back at the Dominion - no, at humanity. He had been serving his new master for little over three years now. First Samir Duran... but now, something greater. It was time to strike.

He turned and faced his men. "Hail Amon!"_>

"HAIL AMON!"

* * *

><p>QA:**

Fallen-Ryu: Ya, I know about the ultras. They're massive. Yes, energy shield thingy is coming :)

MEleeSmasher: Yup, Dr. Halsey's gonna have a hayday with the terran tech.

**Harbinger of Chaos: A confrontation between Kerrigan and Zeratul/MC will come eventually. **

The-killer-of-007: Yup, he's pretty freaking OP now :)

Lucas Bane: Don't worry, he'll discover more abilities. About the weaps, I'm fairly certain I added that he had a pack... I'll go double check. About the visor... meh. I'm too lazy to change it, :P. Blooper, I guess. And I suppose I am moving a bit fast, but it'll all be okay at the end... :)

**Rydan fall: Whatever. It's my fic, so I'm taking the liberty of altering from canon a bit. Not too much though. I just want him to be able to put his suit on like Iron Man. About his pilot... I know, I made that mistake, but it's all in the goal of creating their characters. **

**Guest: I'm sure I mentioned some kind of pack somewhere... I'll go double check. **

scottusal: Don't worry, I love Tosh. Top 5 characters for me.

WOLF: Teri will have a huge effect on MC... just not in the way you expect. I can't wait to write about the zerg either.

**A/N: **

So, I have built up Ryan's character. Teri is on drugs, and we have a terran terrorist faction loyal to Amon. Any questions? :D BTW, what do you guys think about chapter length? Shorter chapters and more updates or longer chapters and less updates? Or keep the same? Thanks!

6. Chapter 6: Fatality

"Where the fuck did she go?" spit out Jared.

"I don't fucking know!" yelled back Nathan, defiant but fearful.

Both of them turned to the woman in the room. Jared advanced on her menacingly.

"You're her friend." Jared said.

Christine was trembling. She wished she could bolt out the door, but she knew that would do no good. Jared took three steps in her direction and slapped her hard across the cheek. Christine flinched but made no attempt to evade the blow.

"Bitch, you better tell me everything." demanded Jared.

Christine turned to Nathan for support but found a blank, pitiless face.

"I don't know!" she yelled.

"Lies!" snarled Jared as he began loosening his belt, "Tell me!"

"Really! Please!"

Christine cringed as the belt met its mark with sharp crack! But she took comfort in the fact that Teri had escaped, and that she wouldn't, couldn't say anything about her escape.

Just as Jared was reaching back to hit her again, someone opened the door and ran in, breathing heavily.

"What!?" snarled Jared, angry his session had been disturbed.

"Teri... we found her." breathed out the man.

* * *

><p>John walked into the living room to find Teri sprawled on the sofa, sleeping heavily. He sat next to her and waited for her to wake up.<p>

She opened her eyes instantly. She had obviously not been sleeping.

She smiled. "Hi John."

"Hi Teri," said John back, "You know, you never really went into detail about your life. I'm wondering if you could... you know..."

Teri's face was blank. "Well... it all started on Tarsonis. I was born into one of the Old Families, the Bradway Family. Big on the mining business, I think my father owned 85% of the mines in the Sara system. When the zerg invaded Chau Sara... well, my family crumbled. Stock in Bradway Mining plummeted and all the mining equipment on Chau Sara was lost. He tried to evacuate his people out of Chau Sara but the Confeds blockaded the entire damn system. Then, the protoss came and glassed the planet, ending the argument for everyone."

Teri shook her head. "My father died two weeks later; a self-inflicted bullet in his head was a definite cause of death. Then the zerg came. The zerg, they were the most terrible, scariest things I've ever seen... I was desperate to get off the planet, you know? When a dropship with no markings offered a ride off... I should have

known better. But like I said, I was desperate. I should have noticed the ship only had young pretty girls... well by the time I noticed, it was too late. They brought us here, and they..."

Tears forced themselves out of unwilling eyes. "Then... they made us do things. They... sold us out, sold us to gangs. Do you understand? I had no choice, I really had no choice..."

John went to her and cradled her like a child, putting her head against his chest.

"You... you don't know what I really am." sobbed Teri. "I'm not what you think."

"It's okay, Teri... really." He concentrated so hard on the girl that he didn't notice Dorothy coming in from behind them.

"How about Teri and I take a little walk?" Teri nodded in agreement. Dorothy led her outside, leaving John and Ryan alone.

"Well. That was... strange," said Ryan.

John shrugged. "She's been through a lot, Ryan. Show some compassion."

"I know. It's just weird, you know?" said Ryan.

* * *

><p>Dorothy returned with Teri just before sunset. Teri was noticeably more cheerful and had a small grin on her face. However, she was exhausted, and she hit the couch as soon as she stepped inside.<p>

Dorothy took John and Ryan aside. "Teri's gonna need a lot of help, John. She's gone through a lot, and she needs a lot of care. Next time I'm here, I want her to be 10 pounds heavier. You also gotta use the medication schedule I gave you. Even if she thinks she can stop, don't let her. She needs to slowly get out of hab, or she'll get overwhelmed with withdrawal."

John nodded. "I understand."

"I'm trusting you on this. Don't try to force it, and even if she thinks she's ready, don't let her stop. She needs to keep taking the hab until she can safely come out of it. She needs at least a month to get out of this; maybe more."

"Don't worry, Mrs...?"

"Cox."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Cox. I'll take care of her."

* * *

><p>The next month slipped into a surprisingly easy routine. Teri turned out to be an abyssal cook, managing to completely destroy a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Not very surprising, considering what she had gone through. Every time she messed something up she

released tears of frustration, which John responded with kind words and a smile. A week later, Teri was able to make toast into something that didn't quite resemble a piece of burnt wood. Throughout the whole thing, John was with her, encouraging her in subtle ways that were not too much but just enough. Slowly, but surely her self-esteem and confidence were returning. She was starting to care again about her outward appearance, showering and brushing her hair every day. While where they would stay had been a concern for a few days, it soon became clear that the owner of the small unit didn't really care as long as they paid on time.<p>

By the end of the month, Teri had gained a large amount of weight. Her ribs were less pronounced, and her cheeks were less bony.

Fifteen days after that, Teri, John, and Ryan had a little ceremony. Teri took the remainder of the hab, took a deep breath, and dropped it into the sewer along with her pad. The thunk of the hab hitting the water signified a final and clear end to Teri's ordeal; and maybe a start at a new life.

"We did it," said Teri after a minute of silence.

John hugged her. "No, you did it. You climbed out of your abyss, not us. Give yourself some credit."

"There were others, you know. Christine, Helen, Kelly, Lynn..."

"What do you mean?" asked John, although he already knew exactly what she meant.

Teri stuttered. "I- I have to go back. They... they've gone through worse than me. I was their favorite, and they treated me better than the others. The others... some... some, he killed, and..."

John thought slowly for a moment. "There's a lot of danger."

"I know... but I can't just abandon them."

It was a good sign. Normal people cared about others. This meant Teri was becoming a normal person.

"I... I can name some people. Maybe not testify, but... there's still a police force here, you know. Yeah, it's corrupt, but they could do something... right?" It was mostly a question to herself rather than to anyone else.

"Alright. Here's what we'll do. For a few days we're not gonna do anything. Instead, you're going to tell me everything. I'll write it all down and organize it, then we can present it to the police. I promise I'll keep you anonymous."

Tears streamed down Teri's face. "Promise?"

"Promise."

Teri sniffled. "Okay. There's Jared, tall, white, and Nathan..."

* * *

><p>The "debrief" ended about an hour later, and John was shocked. The size and scope of this operation was massive; and cruel. Over 30 girls were used as drug mules and prostitutes by the local hab distributors. From what she was describing, the girls were considered expendable and killed when they got too old.<p>

John clenched his fists. "I'll... I'll deal with this, Teri. I'll refer it to the police, but if the police doesn't work..."

Teri shook her head. "No, don't even think about taking them on your own. They're too big to take down by yourself."

"Oh, you have no idea, Teri... no idea."

* * *

><p>John slipped outside with a large yellow envelope in his hand. He had finally completed organizing Teri's testimony, and as he walked, his hands subconsciously clenched in anger.<p>

He knew how he was going to handle this. He had written a note on the package that read: "Meet me at Grange Park at noon tomorrow if you're interested". He had no doubt this would be pursued; it would be a gross violation of police protocol to not. Unfortunately, the police here didn't quite follow all protocols... many of the police considered themselves "freelancing law enforcement officials", a rather innocent sounding term for "hired muscle". By the time the package did get themselves into the right hands, it was far too late.

John dropped the package in front of the police department, a rather bland square building that had been surrounded by trees and shrubs in an unsuccessful attempt to liven up the landscape.

The walk "home" felt rather light. He had just hopefully set in motion a series of events that would end this drug/prostitution cartel and make this planet better. Now, what to do next...

* * *

><p>John knew something was wrong the moment he saw the apartment. The door had been smashed in, and some of the windows had been shattered. Heart beating, John ran inside, only to find his worst nightmare.<p>

Teri laid on the floor, blood and semen covering her body. Her clothes had been ripped apart, and her throat appeared to be crushed. Her brown hair had been partially ripped from her head. Bloody marks were all over her; they appeared to have been made with a pair of tweezers.

John dropped to his knees. But.. they had saved her, dammit! It wasn't supposed to end this way... who the hell would do this?

He looked around. Ryan was gone too, as well as his armor. How the hell they had carted off a thousand pounds of hardware he didn't know, but they had done it. Of course, the armor had been sealed, so it would be impossible for them to open. But they could still destroy it, hide it.

Then it came to him. Them. Jared, Nathan, Billy, Joe... all those people Teri had talked about. They had come back for her, and they had left the body like this on purpose, to send a message. Don't fuck with us.

John looked up. They had no idea what was about to hit them. Because if he couldn't protect the Earth, they could be damned well sure he'd avenge her.

****Er, sorry about the shitty chapter... I've been really busy with finals and other school related stuff so I wrote this over about two weeks, and it was pretty rushed. So, now you know why I introduced Teri... and don't worry, Ryan's still alive. Also, from next chapter I'll start having chapters about 8-10k words, and the action starts then. But the updates will come a lot slower. So yeah, sorry about the chapter, I'll reward you guys with a better chapter in a few days. Please hit that review button and thank you for reading!****

7. Chapter 7: Vengeance

The next three hours were preparing Teri's body for a proper burial. When John was finished, Teri's body looked reasonably respectable for a dead body. He wrapped her up in some white bed sheets. He tenderly lifted her up, careful not to violate her, even in death. He squeezed her cold, hard hand for the final time before he took her outside. The apartment unit they had rented was one of the few units in the city with a backyard. Granted, it was about the size of the kitchen; but it was enough for his purposes. He dug down about three feet before placing her body inside. The grave would be shallow, but he doubted anyone would come digging here. After one last look at her pale but still beautiful face, he filled up the grave.

By the time John was finished, it was about late at night. He knew this was when the criminal underground of Deadman's Port truly bared itself, based on his reconnaissance of the area. This time, he was going to do a much more detailed recon of the place, so he disguised himself appropriately.

His clothes were already dirty and ripped from days of overuse, and a few more tears gave him the perfect look of a street bum. He slipped on a hood several sizes larger than his head, effectively hiding his face. In other words, he had just become anonymous.

He took a large pack with him as well; those were not uncommon among the bums on this planet. In the pack he packed a few days worth of instant food, water, 30,000 credits (the raiders hadn't found the hidden money), some spare clean clothes as well as some latex gloves. If there was any sort of police investigations into what he was about to do, he didn't want to leave any evidence.

Soon, he was ready. He took one final glance at the small unit Teri, Ryan, and he had called their home for almost 2 months. He had cleaned the inside, and gotten rid of any evidence of a break in. He wanted to disappear, not go out with a bang. Then, making sure he had no one following him, he started down the empty road.

John thought he had a general idea of the situation on this planet.

However, when he stepped outside, he realized just how enormously crime-laden the area was. Every street corner had gang members or drug dealings doing every illicit transaction known to man.

He decided to start small. He walked about 15 minutes to Harvey Street, which was even worse than the street his former dwelling was on. He counted at least 19 dealers, not counting the enforcers sent to ensure that business went smoothly. Most of the dealers worked in pairs, and a few enforcers from their respective gangs hung around the streets, glaring at their rivals but mostly doing nothing.

John had designated each of the criminals, and after a few moments of thinking, he decided on his targets. The targets had been labeled as Jerry and Archie. The two were constantly smoking cigarettes, which John took with a smile. It could take hours to get your night vision up, and a single cigarette could ruin that in an instant. The two wouldn't be seeing far at night at all.

John found a halfway comfortable spot in the shadows about 15 feet away from Jerry and Archie. His dark clothes helped him blend into the shadows, and the duo weren't exactly the most observant of people anyways. Besides, Dead Man's Rock was naturally dark â€" there was no moon or streetlights, creating an almost pitch black environment.

John sat and observed for about four hours, till the planet's equivalent of midnight. It was obvious to him the status of the customers. Those walking or driving beat up old hoverbikes were of the lower class, and those in the newer, cleaner hovercars were of the middle class. The lower class members who came to buy looked right at home; the middle classmen nervously adjusted their ties and sped out of the neighborhood quickly. It was now time to strike.

Moving slowly but steadily, he crept up upon "Jerry" and "Archie". Business had slowed to almost nothing in the past hour for them, and they were preparing to leave. He stayed in the shadows, trying to find the perfect angle so the other people on the street would not be able to see him. When he was about 10 feet behind the two, he drew his knife.

Most people assumed the most efficient way way to kill someone with a knife was to slit their throat. The perfect silent murder. In reality, a slitting throats was a messy and more importantly, loud. A person whose throat had been slit could take up to 3 minutes to drown in their blood and die, all the while making loud gurgling noises and thrashing. No, slitting throats was for amateurs. And the Chief was most certainly not an amateur.

Creeping behind Jerry, John rose from the shadows with his knife drawn. With enough force to smash bricks he drove his knife into the base of the man's skull, severing his spinal cord. He twisted it, almost like a screwdriver. The result was as advertised. "Jerry" died almost instantly, probably without even feeling much pain. It was more than he deserved.

After quickly yanking his knife out, John turned to Archie. Unfortunately for him, his smoking had reduced his night vision to less than 5 feet, and as a result, he could not quite see what had happened to his partner. He took a step forward, before feeling a

sharp burning sensation in the middle of his chest. He looked down to see a knife stuck hilt-deep into the middle of his heart. Strange, he thought. He didn't remember that there last timeâ€|

John took his knife back out of the already dead Archie. He then dragged the two bodies to the fall of an abandoned warehouse, where he sat them up so they were both facing into the street. He looked down the street. A good 10-15 more dealers were still selling. After a moment's hesitation, he headed down the street.

13 drug dealers and 8 goons later, he was finished. Harvey Street was clean. He was fairly certain no one from the houses had seen him - but he still probably needed to wear a balaclava next time. He dragged all 21 bodies to the warehouse wall where he propped them all up. He then took out some spray paint he had prepared and began writing.

* * *

><p>"You're next? What the fuck does that mean?" roared Jared, eyes blazing with anger. "You're next?! Who the fuck does this person think he is? And what the fuck does he mean by 'The Chief'?"<p>

Nathan and Trevon, another member of the ring cowered against their chairs. The fourth member of this meeting nonchalantly sipped his tea, then stood up. "Come on, Jared. Think, man! Who out there has the motive, the ability to do this kind of shit? Certainly not the Ryan idiot that we bagged." His mind wandered for a moment onto the broken man lying in the cellar.

"By the way, didn't I tell you to kill that motherfucker two days ago? Why is he still alive?"

Jared mumbled something about being busy before remembering why he was angry again. "Seriously though, if it was just some random street rip, I wouldn't have put a moment of thought into it. A few idiots got even stupider and got themselves banged. But... 21 dead bodies? Nigga, that shit don't happen everyday. And 9 of those were my guys!"

A long sigh. "Jared, it's seriously a miracle your parents didn't disown you when you were a child. Come on, think!"

"What the hell do you want me to do? We have no MO, no motive, no witness... nothing! What do you want me to do?"

The mystery member leaned forward until his face was less than 6 inches away from Jared's face. "Just get it done. And make sure you kill Ryan." He then stood up and walked out of the room, leaving behind the three drug dealers.

**A/N: Yeah again sorry for the short chapter, next chapter will be longer, I really promise this time, lol. I've been really busy with working at summer camps and stuff so I haven't been able to update. I really promies next chapter will be longer. Yeah, MC has started his vigilante stuff. Yeah. See ya. **

I'm so sorry to y'all that were expecting a new chapter, but I just have to get this off my chest. I haven't been posting lately, but a lot of crap has been going on in my life with my father dying and other stuff, so I haven't been able to do any fanfic. I am going to be putting all my stories on indefinite hiatus, which probably means I'll never be writing them again. Sorry, but I gotta be honest.

If you're looking for new reads, go check out "Heroes of the Storm" by The Mighty Santa, my good friend who recently has started writing. He was heavily inspired by my story so yeah. Consider this a commercial.

Now, if anyone wants to adopt any of my stories, feel free to PM me for details. Yeah, I'm terribly sorry, but that's it. Thanks to all the support from the community. It was truly a lot of fun to post here.

Till next time, PeteSkizzle

End
file.